

Under the Lights

by Alyss Requiem

Category: Danny Phantom, Miraculous: Tales of Ladybug & Cat Noir

Genre: Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Danny F., Marinette Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 17:20:02

Updated: 2016-04-10 17:20:02

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:30:52

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,622

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Under the lights of a city at peace, two heroes meet. One adored for what she has done, the other hated for what he is. A conversation between the two leaves one to wonder how things might have been different.

Under the Lights

Edit 4.17.16 - Thanks to Deejaymil on reddit for the amazing cover

* * *

><p>Marinette stared across her city from a random rooftop. It was one of her favorite parts about being Ladybug. Most of the time she would be out here with her partner, Chat Noir, but something had apparently come up in his normal life and he wouldn't be available for a few days, leaving her to do patrols by herself. Patrolling by herself was a completely different experience than going out with her partner.<p>

For one, it was much quieter. Chat was definitely the more boisterous of the two, with his near constant flirtations and terrible puns. She didn't hate it (though the flirting could get annoying at times), but, she was learning, it was sometimes nice to be surrounded by the silence of Paris late at night, even if it was often anything but.

This night happened to be one of the few where there seemed to be nothing going on. She hadn't run across any Akuma or crimes being committed. There were no kittens stuck in trees or really anyone out tonight, likely because of the Akuma attack the day before. She had noticed that there were always fewer people out at night the first few days after one.

Not that she minded it one bit.

Marinette loved the lights of the city she grew up in. The shimmery, almost ethereal glow the city seemed to be shrouded in once night fell. The Eiffel Tower was her favorite. It was the symbol of their city, and at night became a beacon, making it so one could never really be lost. She liked to sit atop one of the rooftops near the tower some nights, and just admire the view. She had never met anyone else with the same tendencies, so when there was a boy with stark white hair sitting on the building she had chosen she was a little confused.

She stopped a ways back, not quite sure if she wanted to reveal her presence to him. A number of things about him didn't sit right with her, and the longer she stared the longer the list became.

The obvious one was his white hair, though, she supposed, that could be explained away by hair dye. His clothes were odd as well, a black and white jumpsuit was not normal attire for a teenaged boy. He also seemed to be glowing. At first she thought it was just the lights of the city, but the longer she looked the more apparent it became that the glow was coming from the boy himself. Honestly, it was a little disturbing. The only explanation she could come up with is that he has been possessed by an Akuma, but she had never observed one behaving so...passively.

She couldn't just leave what might be an akuma victim by himself, so it seemed her best bet was to talk to him.

"Hey, what are you doing?" She asked as she approached him. She must have startled him, as he jumped a foot into the air, and twisted around, a motion which pushed him off the roof. Marinette started forward, tossing her yo-yo to keep the boy from falling off the roof,

He was floating in midair, just off the edge of the building.

Even stranger, if that was possible, was that the yo-yo went straight through the boy's chest, as if he wasn't even there. There was nothing on him that she could pinpoint as being the hiding spot for the Akuma, and she was beginning to believe that this was not the work of Hawkmoth. She met his gaze. His eyes were green, not the green of Chat Noir's or Adrien's, but an eerie electric green that glowed like the rest of his figure.

"Who are you?" There was an odd echo to his voice, but at this point she was sure it would be easier to make a list of the things that weren't odd about him.

"I could ask you the same question," She continued to eye the boy warily, not daring to drop her guard around him, "What are you? What are you doing here?"

"Um," He gestured at himself, looking at her like the answer was obvious, "I'm a ghost,"

"A ghost?" She was skeptical. Despite having seen a number of strange and almost unbelievable things, she wasn't sure she could accept that spirits of the dead were real.

"Yeah. You know, dead, can walk through walls, disappear and fly," He

said, demonstrating each ability as he said it.

"Okay," She said hesitantly, still not completely convinced, "So then, what are you doing here?"

His face scrunched up and he averted his unnerving gaze from her. Probably debating what to tell her. The boy sighed and his face fell, "I just...needed to get away is all. It's hard to be the hero when no one believes you to be one,"

That statement confused Marinette. She didn't understand how no one would believe you to be a hero if you did good or heroic acts. Even when Copycat had impersonated Chat the people didn't believe him to be a villain.

"What do you mean?" She asked, hoping for some clarification.

"I...Back home people don't like ghosts too much. They attack the town multiple times a day, and cause a lot of destruction," He had floated back down to the roof, and was again sitting on the edge. Marinette moved forward to join him, no longer feeling like he was a threat, "I try to stop them before they cause too much trouble, but things still end up getting destroyed, some people get caught in the crossfire, and I've made a lot of enemies that want to ruin my life, er, afterlife,"

"But if you do good things, wouldn't people recognize that it's not your fault for all the destruction?" She knew the people didn't blame her or Chat or even the akumatized victims for any of

He flinched, "I've been framed before. A ghost overshadowed the mayor, and made it look like I was kidnapping him. People aren't too quick to trust someone who was seen taking their mayor hostage. Besides, the city gets destroyed a lot, and it's not like there's some magical way to restore it,"

That's when it clicked for Marinette. Her Lucky Charm always repaired the damage that was caused by the Akuma, so there wasn't any true aftereffects from their battles. People didn't blame her and Chat because there was nothing to blame them for. There was a clear enemy, one that everyone knew about, and one that the blame could be pinned on. From what he was saying, there wasn't one where he was from, and so he became an easy scapegoat to pin all the blame on.

"I think I get it," She said, "My partner and I...we have to fight off enemies every other day, and sometimes people disappear or the city gets destroyed, but it gets fixed immediately afterwards. There is nothing to blame us for, especially when the city knows the true identity of the villain,"

"I wish it was that easy. My enemies aren't always easy to spot if you don't know them, and it isn't easy to catch them when you're really the only who can fight them,"

"You fight these ghosts alone?" Disbelief colored her tone. She couldn't imagine not having Chat at her side, and the thought of being alone in a struggle such as his, her respect for this boy definitely went up a few notches.

"Well, I have two friends, but they're just humans, and I try to keep them as uninvolved as I can," He admitted, "There're also two other ghost hunters in town, but they usually end up making things worse,"

"Why do it then?" He looked at her like she was an idiot.

"Because it's the right thing to do,"

He stiffened suddenly, and she heard a vague crackling noise, like someone was talking. He turned to face her, it was only then she noticed the bright green earpiece on his right ear. She wasn't sure how she had missed it earlier, but chalked it up to focusing on the other strange things about him.

"Okay, okay. I'm on my way," He smiled sheepishly at her, "Sorry, sounds like I need to get back home,"

He started to fly away, "Wait," Marinette called at him, and he looked back at her, a map now in his hands. Where he got it from she wasn't sure. She stuck out her hand "My name, it's Ladybug,"

"Danny Phantom," He responded, firmly grasping her hand.

"Good luck. Maybe we'll meet again," She said, letting go of his hand

"It's not likely. I live rather far from here," He said, rubbing the back of his neck

She waved as he flew off a ways before disappearing from sight. Her smile fell a bit, as she thought about what he said.

Because it's the right thing.

He said that like it was the most obvious answer he could give, but Marinette couldn't imagine what strength it had to take to save a city that didn't appreciate you. Especially doing it basically all by yourself. She wasn't sure she would have been able to keep fighting if the city turned against her.

Marinette went home that night with a lot to think about.

End
file.